

The Bethel Courier.

BETHEL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1889.

THE ROPE WALKING MANIA GETS WARR.—Rope-walking is all the rage just now, and almost every boy able to stand upon his legs is trying his skill with a view of ultimately eclipsing Blondin or De Lave.

There was an exhibition upon De Lave's rope on Monday night last, about eleven o'clock, which did not appear in the bills. One of the press boys employed in this office, James Buckley, aged sixteen years, proceeded quietly with a companion, at the hour mentioned, to the west end of the rope, at the saw-mill, and boldly started for Fall's Field without balancing pole or any other accompaniment. He was about half an hour in making the perilous journey, which it may well be imagined, was accomplished with no little difficulty and danger. He was sometimes astride of the rope, then beneath it, "travelling with his hands and feet, and, in crossing the guys was obliged to hang by his hands alone." When the size of the rope, which he was unable to span with his hands, is taken into consideration, the extreme peril he encountered becomes apparent. His palms are blistered and colored, and it is hardly probable that he will soon enter upon such a foolish undertaking again.

As we said before, rope walking is the mania of the hour. In almost every house, yard and playground there is seen trying their skill, and, passing through Exchange place on Tuesday, we observed that some of them were turning their "talent" to some account. At a gate between the Post Office and Front street, on the south side, sat a ragged urchin on a three-legged stool, playing the part of "door-tender," under a paper sign which announced—

"Rope-walking—Admission Six Cents."—*Rochester Union.*

ARMSTRONG'S LONG RANGE.—A few days ago, says the London *Athenaeum* we saw the range and accuracy of the new Armstrong gun tested in a way which demands a note. Cooling ourselves on the Essex coast, near the artillery practising ground, we were asked to see the firing, and while this goes slowly and solemnly on, one of them spies a flight of geese far out to sea. "There they light on your sand-bank." Up go a dozen glasses—Yes; there they flicker in sun, gray and white, more specks on the blue sea air. Load the gun—load at the breech—poise—touch—bang!—Boat off there to the sands! A signal tells the tale. The shot has struck the swan—a life is taken from the fight—and this at six miles seven furlongs from the mouth of the gun. A shot as well aimed from Primrose Hill, should hit the ball on Greenwich Observatory; or, if fired from Richmond Park, should bring down a rider in Rotten Row. Here is a fact worth the attention of these Austrian engineers who have just come to London to study our new artillery and learn how to defend Vienna against the Frank.

DEVELOPS CAPACITY OF AN ENGLISH PILOT.—A China correspondent of the N. H. *Patent* says:

"The capacity of the English stomach is astounding. We had an English pilot, whom we took at Singapore, of the name of Smith. He told me at first he was a 'temperance man,' in compliance probably to my profession and my habits. His face, however, told secrets, for the skin was almost as red and thick as sole leather, while his little eyes, imbedded in fat, and inflated, seemed to be struggling to get a jump of day. We spent three weeks at Penang, where he had taken himself to a hotel. His bill was presented to the parlor for payment out of his fees as pilot, when I happened to see its daily charges. Every day from seventeen to eighteen drinks of brandy were put to his account, independent of wine and other liquors. For the three weeks, his tavern bill amounted to close upon two hundred dollars! I called him thereupon 'Extra Billy,' he went a little beyond all the Smiths I had ever heard of, and even all the John Bulls. And yet he complained of his poverty and struggles to support his young family."

A new Bedford dealer in the local fluid arose at twelve o'clock Sunday night, and started off upon his milky way, under the supposition that the rosy light of the aurora borealis indicated the break of day. The enterprising milkman disturbed the slumbers of half his best patrons.

It is mentioned as a peculiarity of the Great Eastern that her entire upper deck, measuring seven hundred feet in length—or as it is described, an acre of land elongated to an oval—is flush from stem to stern, without poop or house to obstruct the view—nothing but the masts, wheelhouse for the helmsman, and staircase—so that her commander, standing on the paddle box, can survey every inch of the vast area.

POETRY.—There is no subject on which inexperienced writers are so liable to deceive themselves as in their attempts at poetical composition. The ability to hitch together words that rhyme, is not poetical ability. Poetry, to be genuine, must be made up of new forms of expression, original thoughts, new combinations of words to express a common idea; similes and metaphors, such as take captive, for the time, the attention of the readers. A great poem may be narrowed down to a half a dozen lines, while a poor one may be diluted to a thousand.

To the student who is anxious to try and improve his powers, we advise the attempt to write poetry, not for publication, but as a trial of his skill at composition. It at once brings in to play all his mental faculties. But when he has, to his own mind, satisfactorily composed a string of verses, let him review them, and ask himself the question, what new idea, or what new form, of an old one, has he brought out in his production, and he may catch a new idea himself in reference to his ability at versification. Or, let him consider his poem a description of a picture, and hold it up and see how it would look in framework.

So liable are even literary men to be deceived sometimes in their estimate of poetry, that we venture the assertion that we could write a half dozen verses, which, if they could be copied into the *Atlantic Monthly* as the production of Longfellow, or Holmes, would find their way into half the newspapers in the land in a month, while we never wrote a stanza in our life that we were not ashamed of in a month afterwards. If we were desirous of making a selection to-day of the gems of American Poetry, we should make up one half the number of selections from Authors unknown as writers. A poem now and then finds its way into the papers that would confer immortality on our well known poets, but it is lost to literature for want of patronage.

As for ourselves, we always read poetry just as we would gather flowers; if one pleases us, we will pluck it, not supposing it at all necessary for us to hold in possession the whole vegetable kingdom.

PUZZLE MOUNTAIN.—We made a visit to this mountain last week. There is something very interesting to the Geologist in examining this locality. The curious veins of one kind of rock passing through another kind, especially of the granite bursting through the slates, renders it a fruitful field for the scientific enquirer. We shall endeavor to write out a paper on the geology for the Portland Nat. Hist. Society. The Plumbago found there is of a much better quality than any we have seen on this continent, and it exists in quantity sufficient to pay for working; it will be a valuable addition to our natural resources.

There is a good camp and good fare to be found on the summit of the mountain, and travellers can ascend it either by way of Howard's Gore, or on the North by way of Ellis' River. We found an exploration that its peculiar geological character is much more extensive than we at first supposed.

Great was our surprise one day last week on entering our sanctum to find our chair occupied by our Bro. Ellselt of the Transcript. We at first thought it the result of absent mindedness, but have since been led to believe that he was attracted here by the beautiful scenery in the Androscoggin valley. At any rate we took a delightful trip.

"Adorn the pleasant Androscoggin," as a living poet says. We shall both of us enter with new vigor upon the duties of the Fall campaign after our summer vacation.

We shall make arrangements soon to insert one column at least of useful agricultural matter.

The following article we claim as one of our own children, and take it home after having wandered about in newspaperdom for several years. It may do our boys no harm to read it.

A WORD TO THE BOYS. Come boys, and listen a few moments to your uncle. You have now arrived at an age when you must begin to think about doing something for yourselves. The first piece of advice I have for you is to do everything well which you undertake. There is but little danger of your being too particular in this respect. A boy who is careful to draw a straight line on his slate, will be very likely to make a straight line through life. There is no position in life which you will not be called upon to be as exact as possible. Step into a jeweller's shop, and see how careful the workman must be in finishing up the article he holds in his hands. Visit the ship-yard, and the man with the broad axe must learn to lean on the line, or be dismissed. You think of being a clerk. Well, remember that a mistake there is little less than a crime. I have rarely ever seen a man who was very particular about his affairs, that was not successful. How exact is a military officer in the command of a body of men. A clumsy sailor will never rise to the command of a ship. But there is one great danger which befalls many young men at the present day. It is the disposition to avoid all solid improvement, and take up with subjects that require no thought, and which serve as a mere excitement to the mind. Your older friends tell you that fast boys never make solid and useful men. Very few of them live to be forty years old. Nobody ever trusts them. They never fill any important office or station. They usually become small men, because they have no capital in their heads with which to work out a living. Out of fifty of that class, I do not know of one who ever accomplished much.

Uncle Joshua.

The Editor of the *Courier* in his last number, compares our poetry to a limping horse. A word about yours, Mr. *Courier*. If your poetry comes under the head of *Cutabude*,—Why didn't you publish the first part of it?—*Journal.*

Pretty sharp. To do that we should have been obliged to go to the sources of the Androscoggin; so we thought we would commence about half way, and go up or down according to circumstance. We happened to go down.

We always let our poetry have its own way. It is more natural. The Journal man appears taller every week. *Long may he grow!*

The Illustrated Pictorial Almanac for 1890. This Almanac is published in aid of the fund for the National Monument to the Forefathers at Plymouth, Mass. It is designed as a permanent annual contribution to the History, Chronology, Social Customs, Lives and Principles of the Early Settlers of our country. A capital idea. The present No. is filled with interesting matter.

We learn that fourteen teachers connected with the Boston schools are spending their vacation at Shelburne Village, N. H. They could not well secure to themselves a more romantic spot. Fourteen teachers together in vacation! We suspect that they have pretty jolly times.

We notice several artists at work sketching the scenery on the Androscoggin River, above and below the ferry. We hope they won't make the river too small on their pictures, for we never knew it so low as at present.

From a note received from our friend Col. R. I. Burbank of Boston, we learn that he has recently visited Metac's Island in Umbagog Lake where he found an immense number of bones of wild animals, and one of Metac's traps, a portion of which we are the recipient. He says that at Metac's Island he found a quantity of money on the island, and that parties have been engaged in digging for it, as though a poor Indian, who could not obtain money sufficient to buy his rum, should have a horde of money.

Maine Agricultural Report for 1888. Any person wishing for a copy of this can be supplied on application at this office.

WESTERN SKETCHER.—No. 5.

The Wisconsin State's prison appears to be well conducted and an honor to the State. Rather too inviting perhaps. We went over the prison a little before dinner. Their building was convenient and substantial. The rooms and cells were well furnished and neat. The dinner being got ready consisted of extra fat corned beef, good sweet new bread made from coarsish fresh wheat flour and the desirable vegetables. Probably most of these convicts had better subsistence than they had been accustomed to have. One of the overseers remarked that he was satisfied, in his own mind, that the good usage at the prison invited rogues into the State, as they preferred that prison, should they be caught.

Mr. Editor, I wish that the printer of the *Courier* would not make amendments to my language, unless he can improve it and not spoil the idea.

In No. 4, in the advertisement of the petrified antediluvian fish, or sturgeon, that floated and died in the tranquil briny ocean long before the floods, while the precipitated carbonate of lime held in the alkaline water was deposited around and infused into its lifeless body, taking the place of its structure and form, and, in a series of years, hardening with the soft lime fast around it into a solid stratum of lime rock: I was made to say that the circumference of the fossil was from nine to ten inches, when I wrote or meant to write the circumference of the fossil was from nine to eighteen inches. The printer's amendment makes the old creature look snaky.

Again, in my description of the appearance of the flooring lime stone rock, I am reported to say that "the diluvial strata were everywhere visible." I said "the diluvial scratches were everywhere visible." These scratches on rocks in situ are parallel marks made by floating icebergs holding rocks and ground, before the earth was inhabited or fit for land animals.

J. G.

That figure eight was rather a blind one, Doctor.

For the *Courier*.

BETHEL CAMP MEETING. There will be a Camp Meeting on the camp ground in Bethel to commence Sept. 12, which may continue over the Sabbath. A new preacher's stand has been built. The seats have been newly arranged, and made much more commodious, and the ground in general bears quite a new aspect. Arrangements have been made for boarding, for horse keeping, and for straw, which will all be furnished at reasonable rates. Those who come in the cars can return for the same ticket. There will be conveyances to and from the camp ground and depot. We expect as much improvement in the order of the meeting as there is in the facilities, and that every individual who attends the meeting will have self-respect enough to take care of himself. But if any are wanting in this valuable quality, and will disturb the meeting, the High Sheriff will be there to take care of them.

Bethel, Aug. 31st, 1889.
E. DAVIES.

Please read the notice for the camp meeting. We sincerely hope that no inhabitant of Bethel will disgrace himself and the town by any improprieties at the grounds or in the vicinity. If there be anything that should be held sacred as citizens, it is the right to worship God in the way they choose. Take away from us this right and we are slaves. Still, we cannot but respectfully suggest, whether it would not be better to have it close on Saturday. On the Sabbath the town is apt to be filled with a very undesirable class of individuals for twenty-five miles around, who regard it as a mere holiday. Last year was characterized by good order, which we attributed to the time of closing on Saturday.

Our thanks are due Mine Hostess of the Bethel House for a dish of nice Tomatoes.

Not many years ago a youth having his home in a pleasant town on the shores of the Casco, went down to view the shipping, and while wandering about on the wharves fell into the stream; he was soon rescued, however, and a large crowd immediately gathered about him as he was laid upon the ground till he should recover from his exhaustion. Judge, reader, if you can, of the about which went up from that would-be sympathizing company, as the half-drowned boy opened his eyes, ejected the salt-water from his mouth, and whiningly said, "Do you think the Doctor can bring me to?"

The weather has been rather peculiar for the last week in August. On Sunday night Aug. 28, there was quite a smart frost in many places. There has been a frost every month in the year thus far, a fact not noticed before since 1816. There was also one of the most splendid Auroral displays witnessed for years. Its effect on the telegraph was very remarkable. On Monday it snowed on Mt. Washington, and was a cold and uncomfortable day here. On Wednesday there was quite a hailstorm in this vicinity. The hail-stones were quite large and would have done immense damage had there been much wind.

At a meeting of the U. B. Society, on Wednesday Aug. 31st, the following officers were elected:
Pres.—G. A. Robertson, Bethel.
Vice.—J. G. Greeley, Norway.
Sec.—G. A. Barker, Norway.
Treas.—N. T. True.
Spec. do.—B. K. Kallcock, Thomaston.

Eds. of *Gem*.—Miss Julia S. Thompson, Bethel, Flora L. Smith, Norway.

A correspondent of the *Temperance Journal* speaks of the Albany Basins in which he makes altogether too small an estimate of their size. We have measured them all. The largest is 45 feet in diameter, and from the top of the cliff to the bottom of the basin is 30 feet. The next basin in size is 28 feet in diameter. Most persons would under estimate them unless by actual measurement. There are no less than twelve or fourteen fragments of basins here.

ADVENTURER.—A man who sometimes puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains and perplex his tongue, related the following adventures: He came home late one night on horse-back and, taking the horse off the saddle, hung him on a nail, and turned the saddle into the pasture; then going into the house he found the doors and windows fast asleep, and his family wide open.

There will be an excursion to Portland next Tuesday of the Universalist Societies and their friends from Bethel, and some of the lower towns on the route. Fare down and back \$1.10.

Mr. HALLER, celebrated for his great learning, felt his pulse at the moment of his death struggle. He said with a tranquility worthy of that good man, "The artery beats,"—the artery beats still—the artery beats no more!—and died.

For the *Courier*.
LETTER B. Aug. 26th 1889.
DEAR *COURIER*.—Mr. C. Abbott of this place has killed a large Bear near his house to-day, it being the first ever killed. Bears are very plenty in our pastures, and fields this season, probably owing to the scarcity of berries in the woods. There have been constant alarms among timid people here on account of their dog's trying to get into the house through the windows, and seeing bear tracks in their door yards in the morning. We feel now comparatively safe since Mr. Abbott has taken them in hand.

HUNTER.

ERRATA.—In the notice in our last week's issue headed "missing," the name of Kelsey O. Brown was inserted instead of Kelsey O. Bean.

ITEMS.

Iowa, which had but 100,000 population in 1846, has now 600,000—an unparalleled increase.

They say that Stevenson the celebrated English engineer received \$225,000 for the plan of the Victoria Bridge at Montreal.

It is stated that "in Cuba the value of coolies is steadily on the increase, and lately sales have been made at \$400 per head."

The Boston *Traveller* publishes a letter in which the King of Holland is requested to contribute towards the monument about to be erected to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth.

A little girl fell fifty feet from a window of a house in Cincinnati, struck on a dog which was standing on the sidewalk, and escaped almost unhurt. The breath was nearly knocked out of the dog's body, but he soon recovered.

While bathing her face with a mixture of camphene and salt, for her complexion's sake, a Cincinnati belle accidentally set fire to the camphene and was burnt in the most shocking manner. One of her eyes is destroyed.

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A SWIM FOR LIFE.—A correspondent of the *Richmond (Va.) Dispatch*, writing from Norfolk, states that on Tuesday of last week, Capt. John Doughty was washed from the deck of his ship, about five o'clock in the morning, when about five miles at sea, off Smith's Island. The sea was running very high at the time, and being unable to regain his vessel, he swam towards the shore and attempted to land; the breakers, however, prevented his doing so, and he then swam around the southern end of the island, where he made a second attempt; this failed also, and, after having passed four miles along the beach, he was taken by a current and washed inside of the coves; here he was picked up by Captain Conkling, after having been swimming eight hours, and carried into Alexandria, from which place he came to Norfolk and proceeded to his residence in Northampton county. He must have swum nearly fifteen miles, and that with his clothes on, except his boots, which he pulled off in the water. When rescued he was nearly exhausted, and must have drowned in a few minutes.

Key West.—A correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce* writes from Key West, August 2:

"It is not long since we had a magnificent exhibition of water sports in the harbor. From a single cloud in the northwest we counted no less than thirteen, all playing away most beautifully; probably for a prize: trumpet or trumpet. We have read somewhere of twelve water-pots being seen at Malta at once; but Key West has beaten Malta. A water-pot here is almost of daily occurrence. One crossed the harbor last week and passed within one hundred feet of a fishing boat. It took up one of Lieut. Westcott's buoys, and whirled it about and about in the air, but the mooring anchor being too heavy, it was not carried off.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Times* furnishes the details of the most extraordinary cases of lynching of females on record. The affair took place at South Bend, Indiana, on Wednesday week. A notorious woman of the town named Coles was passing along the street, when she was seized by three said to be respectable women, one at each shoulder, and one behind, and made to run through one of the principle streets. A crowd began to gather, and among them the marshal, who took the woman Coles in charge. The crowd began to disperse, but the marshal letting the woman go, the three others again started after her overtaking her on the other side of the bridge, and outside of the city limits, seized her, tied her hands behind her back, and in presence of at least five hundred men, women and children, stripped every vestige of clothing from her person, and administered a coat of tar and feathers. A young man in the crowd was provided with a pair of shears and performed a tonsorial operation on her head. The woman was then allowed to depart, and she took refuge in a blacksmith's shop, about a hundred yards off. The better portion of the population of South Bend have given no countenance to this proceeding, although admitting that the woman, from her conduct, richly deserved the treatment she received.

The Bethel Courier

MAILS.
Mails close as follows:—
To Portland, 10 A. M.
To Island Pond, 4 P. M.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.
Morning train leaves Bethel for Portland 10:45 A. M. Returning—arrives from Portland at 4:15 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
Every Sabbath at 10:15 o'clock, A. M. 1:15 P. M., in the following churches:—
First Cong'l. Rev. Mr. W. W. Wadsworth.
Second " Rev. Mr. G. A. Barker.
Universalist, Rev. Mr. G. A. Barker.

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.
Sabbath evenings at 6:15 o'clock, at the Bible Class, Tuesday evenings. Prayer meetings Saturday evenings.

For the *Courier*.

A Sketch by the Way.

Mr. Editor.—Having had occasion to go north last week, a friend of mine, myself took the cars in the morning, rode to Island Pond. Here we attended to matters of a personal interest and spent the night. The next morning we took horse and carriage at three o'clock, passing wild forests and maple groves, or hills, and through dells, along the shore of a chain of small lakes, and on the bank of the river Clyde, we reached Newport, Vt., at seven o'clock, a distance of twenty miles. We were highly delighted with the appearance of the rich, beautiful farms, the extended and luxuriant fields and the large places of the wheat. We were reminded of that goodly land spoken of by the prophets, which flows with milk and honey. We wondered at that the State of Vermont produced large flocks of noble sheep, great herds of cattle, and great flocks of geese and turkeys.

At Newport we found Mr. J. W. Chillingworth of Portland, then visited another natural scenery, and one of the best guided that ever attended pleasure parties on the continent; always cheerful, ever ready to answer a thousand questions, if asked—when in strange places, and among foreign people, he has a wonderful capacity to make all about him happy, both rich and poor. With him we found his literary and accomplished lady, Mrs. Chillingworth, a Custom House officer. Brown Thompson, Editor of the *Temperance Journal*, and several others. After a pleasant dinner and a short walk, we returned to our hotel. A six o'clock train took us to Island Pond, our carriage and baggage to Island Pond, where Mr. A. M. and arrived at Bethel in the morning.

We have heard much of Lake Memphremagog, of its length, width and the grand scenery there. We made a tour of the lake and did not leave until the evening. The view from the summit of Otter's Head is doubtless not surpassed in picturesque associations with any natural scene. It is described by travellers, who have visited many scenes of great interest, to be the finest that they have ever seen. It requires from one to two hours to ascend the mountain, according to the physical ability of the visitor. We were not over an hour in making the journey.

Lake Memphremagog is about fifty miles in length, and it averages about three miles in width. It is navigable by large boats about thirty-two miles.

It is bounded on the South by Newport, Vt., and on the North by Marquette, Canada East. Three rivers empty into it at its southern extremity, the Clyde, Barton, and the Black River. At its outlet in Magog there is a grand water privilege. Upon its eastern and Western shores, there are many high hills, among which Otter's Head towers up like a lofty pyramid. But very little was ever known of this lake, as a place of fashionable resort till the year 1851. In that year George W. Fogg, Esq., built a steamboat to run upon its waters, and called it the "Maid of the Mountain." He has been ever attentive to the wants of travellers and visitors. He has been on his boat every time that he has crossed the Lake, for eight years, and he has never seen it move on the water but once while he was on shore. In August of the same year, Mr. Fogg, and Col. Cross of Lancaster, built a small house at the foot of Otter's Head for the accommodation of visitors. This, after having been occupied a short time, took fire and was burnt. In 1854 Messrs. Hoyt & Knapp erected a much larger building, and had many visitors. In the spring of 1856, Mr. A. C. Jennings became Proprietor of the House—formerly landlord of the St. Johnsbury House, and afterwards of the Island Pond Hotel.

Mr. Jennings has enlarged the house, beautified it both inside and out, and made it very attractive to visitors. It stands in an Amphitheatre fronting the Lake on the east and west, and is surrounded by the most beautiful scenery in the State. The industries of the Proprietor in his search for a more desirable

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RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
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First Cong'l. — Rev. Mr. WHEELWRIGHT.
Second " — Rev. Mr. GARLAND.
Universalist. — Rev. Mr. GARDNER.

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.
Sabbath evenings at 5:15 o'clock, at the vestry.
Bible Class, Tuesday evenings.
Prayer Meeting, Saturday evenings.

For the Courier.

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At Newport we found Dr. J. W. Chick, a friend of Portland, that adroit admirer of natural scenery, and one of the best guides that ever attended pleasure parties on this continent; always cheerful, ever ready to answer a thousand questions, it asked, when in strange places, and among foreign people, he has a wonderful capacity to make all about him happy, both rich and poor. With him we found his literary and accomplished lady, Mrs. Carter, Esq., ex-Custom House Officer, Brown, Taunton, ex-Secretary of the Temperance Journal, and several others. Here we took the steamer, and went down the Lake, (Clyde), through two miles, to the mouth of the river, at the base of Owl's Head. Here we spent the forenoon, and then returned to Newport, where we found the steamer, and went back to Portland, where we arrived at 10:45, A. M., and arrived at Bethel, in the forenoon.

We have heard much of Lake Memphremagog, of its beautiful waters and the grand scenery that surrounds it. But the fact had not been told us. The view from the summit of Owl's Head is doubtless not surpassed in picturesque appearance, with two thousand miles. It is regarded by travelers, who have visited many scenes of great interest, to be the finest that they have ever seen. It requires from one to two hours to ascend the mountain, according to the physical ability of the visitor. We were not over an hour in making the journey.

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He has ever been attentive to the wants of travelers and visitors. He has been on his boat every time that it has crossed the Lake, for eight years, and he has never seen it move on the water but once while he was on shore. In August of the same year, Mr. Fogg, and Col. Cross of Lancaster, built a small house at the foot of Owl's Head for the accommodation of visitors. This, after having been occupied a short time, took fire and was burnt. In 1854 Messrs. Hoyt & Knowlton erected a much larger building, and had many visitors. In the spring of 1858, Mr. A. C. Jennings became Proprietor of the House—formerly landlord of the St. Johnsbury House, and afterwards of the Island Pond Hotel.

Mr. Jennings has enlarged the house, beautified it both inside and out, and made it very attractive to visitors. It stands in an Amphitheatre fronting the Lake on the east and encompassed on the south, west and north by mountains. The industry of the proprietors in his searchings after treasures

has found a little well among the rocks, near his house, which is very fruitful. Last spring he sowed seed of all kinds of garden vegetables, which exhibit very fine growth. Last week he had large fine tomatoes nearly fit for the table, good, solid cabbage heads, shelled beans, large egg-lime turnips, excellent potatoes, &c. He set out in May last, fifty apple-trees, which have grown very rapidly. He also planted some grape vines at the same time; on one of which there were already two beautiful clusters of grapes. His house is on the west side of the Lake and twelve below Newport. We began to ascend Owl's Head directly from his house, the summit of which is three thousand feet above the waters of the Lake.

We advise all travelers, who admire natural scenery to visit the Lake Memphremagog, and spend a day or two on a week at the Mountain House, at the foot of Owl's Head. They will find good accommodations, excellent fare, moderate prices, and all necessary attention. A stage runs daily from Newport to Island Pond and back. Fare one way one dollar and twenty-five cents. Fare from Newport to the Mountain House on the boat twenty-five cents. It is the united voice of all who visit this place, that the scenery is very beautiful, and well pays the trouble and expense. We found one man there, who had ascended the Mountain twice and could not find it convenient to leave the region till he had ascended the third time. He said he desired to have a view of a grander landscape, than they have ever seen, we would say go to Owl's Head, and there you will secure it. Delta.

Bethel Aug. 22, 1859.

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Bethel Aug. 22, 1859.

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